

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XXXVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 28, 1905.

No. 16.

Lament of the Stolen Bride.

The Faery Child: Come, newly-married bride.—W. B. Yeats,
The Land of Heart's Desire.

I'M weary at last of these faery lands,
Winds, primrose-scented and full of song,
Of starry dances by silver strands,
Of skipping the ruffled waves along.

For here the old are comely and fair,
And none know tears or sadness of heart,
And none have sorrowing cups to share,
And none sweet tales of love impart.

Ah, give me my earthly home again!
I'll change these wings for a peasant's dress,
My faery joys for a little pain,
These silver songs for a babe's caress.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.

* *

Go, thought of my heart, on the wings of the wind
O'er the green on the meadow wide,
By the deep, dark woods with the sea behind,
Where the stars at anchor ride:
Steal into the soul of my old true love
As he turns from the heavy plow,
And tell with the voice of the home-come dove
Of the hunger that's on me now.

Ochone for the land that is far away
And Shawn of the stout, warm arms!
Oh, better a world where the light is gray
And night is full of alarms
Than forever the music's maddening beat
In the moonlit faery land,
And the ceaseless whirl of the tripping feet
And the clasp of the bloodless hand.

E'en yet when the night is on fire with stars
Or dropping the silver day,
I can hear the fall of the pasture-bars
And the lilt of his whistled lay.
Then shaken from me are the dreamers' charms,
My hand from the dancer's slips,
And the mother stands lonely with empty arms,
And the widow with hungering lips.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

Henry Clay.

PATRICK M. MALLOY, '07.



REAT personalities have stamped their indelible mark on the pages of every nation's history. Political upheavals of the world's governments, in every period have brought before the public eye, men of extraordinary capabilities, eminent leaders, who exerted in the common weal of the nation such a powerful influence as to immortalize their names and perpetuate their memory in the hearts of succeeding generations.

The condition of affairs that enveloped our nation prior to the war of 1812, demanded a great genius. Never in the history of our country has the republic been so near the verge of destruction, so close to the utter annihilation of all her sacred principles of freedom and of liberty. The two giant powers of Europe, France and England, were locked in deadly combat. In their eager desire to destroy each other they forgot the true honor of warfare, and sacrificed the rights of inferior nations upon their own bloody altars of avarice. In our republic they saw a weak and helpless neutral, whose interests could be injured and whose feelings could be outraged with impunity. Our merchant ships were held as lawful prizes by both belligerent nations. The effect of this was the complete paralysis of American commerce. England, still smarting beneath the sting of revolutionary defeat, held our vessels on the high seas and submitted them to the disgraceful humiliation of a search for British seamen.

* Oration delivered in Washington Hall, Dec. 14.

But if the external condition of our country was deplorable, then more deplorable, more appalling, more pitiable was her internal state of affairs. The fear of complete destruction by the powerful sword of the Briton cowed our bravest statesman into shameful submission. There was that lamentable cry of peace! peace! on every hand, and throughout the land that dreaded omen of despair spread and spread until our nation stood willing to lay her honor and her dignity at the feet of a foreign empire.

The light of freedom was nearly extinguished, that grand old torch that had been lighted in the days of the revolution at the cost of so many noble lives, and amid hardships and suffering, was about to emit a last flicker and die out. But the hand of an all-seeing Providence that had guided the destinies of this infant republic through all the vicissitudes of early growth, had decreed otherwise; for at this great crisis it raised up a leader of the people that would instil into the hearts of his countrymen an unquenchable fire of patriotism; that would band together the disunited interests of the nation and sound the keynote of war; that would defy tyrannic England in all her might and power to destroy the institutions of this republic,—and that patriotic, liberty-loving statesman was Henry Clay.

In the darkest days of that conflict, in the blackest hours of despair, when national confidence and loyalty were at their lowest ebb; when the people of this republic were eager to lay their rights and liberties at the feet of England for the sake of a disgraceful peace, it was Henry Clay, who, looking out past the impending storm, far out beyond the threatening clouds of desolation and destruction, saw the bright star of hope rising out of the black centre of the approaching calamity, saw, with the inspiration of a true prophet, his own beautiful republic high up above the powers of the earth, shining out as a brilliant luminary in the firmament of nations. It was Clay, who, in the time of actual conflict, rallied about the flag the patriots of the land by his magnetic personality. It was Clay, who, by his wonderful genius and ability cemented together a dismembered and disheartened people, and imbued them with such a spirit of patriotism that enabled

this weak republic to wage a successful war against the mighty empire of England, and to proclaim to the world her standing as a power among the nations of the earth.

To-day, as we look back to that period in the development of our institutions, when our nation was just emerging from the entanglements of the war of 1812, when the people finally began to turn from the well-beaten paths of economy and prudence and to launch forth with all their characteristic recklessness into a life of progress and activity, we are confronted with a scene of internal strife and agitation, a scene where one section of our country is pitted against another in bitter controversy, in which civil discord and differences threatened to undermine the government of our free people, and in its place to institute a reign of anarchy.

If we view these gloomy periods of our nation's history, our attention is directed to the powerful influence of that great statesman, Henry Clay. His entire public career was one in which the affairs of the American people were in a state of terrible eruption. Such momentous questions as the War of 1812, the Admission of the State of Missouri, the Great Tariff Question of 1833, the terrible Financial Crisis that followed the Jackson Administration, and the ever-gathering and fearful storm of slavery, successively burst in upon the infant republic with such tremendous force that the government at times seemed about to give way beneath the awful pressure of civil strife.

In all these trying situations, at times when the tottering nation seemed less able to bear the weight of internal conflict, it was to Clay that the people looked for a settlement of their difficulties; it was in him they sought an adjustment of their differences; it was the voice of that peerless leader dictating, counselling, far above the roar and tumult of the senate chamber; it was that voice reaching far out beyond the legislative halls that touched a responsive chord in the soul of every true patriot and found lodgment in the hearts of the common people. It was his great soul overflowing with love and affection for the republic that he poured out to them in words of passionate eloquence; it was his fidelity and attachment to the cause of the preservation of the Union for the united interests of

his people that gave him power to espouse the cause of unity with such persuasiveness as to bring the most radical constructionist to reason and thought.

The Treaty of Ghent, the Missouri Compromise, the Tariff Adjustment of 1833, the Preservation of peace with France in 1835, and lastly that crowning achievement of his life, the Compromise of 1850, stand out upon the records of our nation's history as the noblest, the purest, the grandest masterpieces of statesmanship ever accomplished in the annals of our country. These great acts of labor and devotedness, so devoid of ordinary craft and political corruption, so tinged with the true color of love of country, live in the hearts of the American people, and stand a fitting and a lasting monument to the great mind that conceived them.

To the student of history who, in his research for truth and fact, is confronted with the wonderful genius of Clay, with the magnetic influence of that able statesman during his entire public career, this question of interest must of its own bearing present itself to his inquiring mind and demand an answer. Why was it that a man of such stainless character, of such purity of motives and of such wonderful ability, never attained to that highest gift in the power of the American people, the Presidency of the United States?

If that student of history would delve down beneath the colored records of the past, if he would fling aside the veil of party prejudice and sectional bigotry, he would find there among the original facts of history the answer to his question. He would see how a corrupt and ambitious party, fearful of the loss of political influence, sought to defame the reputation of that noble statesman, to drag that eminent leader from his lofty pedestal of fame, and to bury his noble character in the dust of disgrace.

The famous "Bargain and Corruption Charge" made against Clay by the followers of Andrew Jackson, after the election of John Quincy Adams, stands to-day upon the pages of our history as one of the foulest, the blackest, the most diabolical libels that has ever been attributed to a party seeking political influence. It was with this mind-poisoning accusation that the Jackson party took up their infamous

mission, the defamation of the name of Henry Clay. It was with this foul libel that the minds of an agitated people were turned from the cause of a noble statesman, and directed to the support of a military chieftain. But the poison-tainted minds of a rebellious nation saw in Jackson a great hero, saw in the victor of New Orleans a leader of the people, a preserver of their liberties; and Henry Clay, the great mediator of the nation, and the noblest character of his time, stood a living martyr to the interests of his country.

Though Clay sought the chair of chief magistrate more than once, still it can be said that it was not by resorting to political corruption, not by the pollution of public sentiment, not by libel or slander, but by the honest means of a man. It was upon a platform of integrity, honesty and truth that he advocated his claim for election.

No man dare say that he listened to the tempting voice of self-enrichment. No man dare say that this noble statesman ever stooped so low as even to taint his hands with the foul devices of political corruption. His unsullied name, his stainless public career and his untarnished character after so long and so active a public life proclaim to the world the purity of his intentions. Whatever was the nature of the idea he put before the American people for consideration, whether for war or for peace, for the settlement of a commercial problem, or the remedying of an internal evil, there was always ringing through his words a zealous appeal in behalf of the honor and future greatness of the republic, or an anxious warning lest the union, and with it all the strength and power of the American people, be put in jeopardy.

Historians may seek in the records of the past for a nobler man, readers of history may search for more startling deeds than the achievements of Clay, the common people may wish to hallow the memory of a more chivalrous hero; but the name of Henry Clay shall live forever illuminating and casting light upon the lesser figures of our national history.

That powerful personality rising up above the common level of the politician has given to the coming generations of his nation a model worthy of imitation. And when the future American statesman shall cast about

for a criterion of nobility and integrity, his eyes will be caught by the soul-inspiring deeds of Henry Clay, who when surrounded by the most seductive influence of corruption, who, when beset on every hand by the opportunity to acquire fame through the channels of debasement, gave utterance to that noble sentiment of national patriotism, that unprecedented statement in the history of public sayings, which will go down the ages echoing and re-echoing the inspiring thought of an unblemished soul, that immortal declaration, "I would rather be right than President."

As the curtain is about to fall on the last act in the life of this great statesman, there comes from the sombre solitude of his death chamber a last warning to his beloved people. It is the feeble voice of Clay stricken with final illness appealing to the American people to leave the affairs of unfortunate Hungary undisturbed lest it entail our nation in a serious foreign war. It was his words so full of genuine love and affection for the welfare of this republic, so manifest with deep sincerity and true concern for the perpetuation of her institutions, that cooled the feverish minds of the people, and saved our nation from a rash and injudicious war. Thus, as it were, in the very act of the fulfilment of his public duties, in the very atmosphere of national affairs in which he had so long lived, and moved, and played such a conspicuous part, and with the dim mist of party prejudice sinking into the distance of universal love, the soul of Henry Clay passed on into eternity, the greatest personality of his country.

As we look in the category of the truly great we find there no name more worthy of perpetuation than his, no deeds more worthy of emulation than his achievements; and now in the enlightenment of this twentieth century, as we look back to the true worth and genius of this noble, self-sacrificing man, the words of Harrison in his eulogy of Washington come to us, fittingly we repeat them as our tribute to this great patriot: "He needs no princely dome, no monumental pile, whose towering height shall pierce the stormy clouds and rear its lofty head to heaven to tell posterity his fame. His deeds, his worthy deeds, alone have rendered him immortal. And when kingdoms and principalities have forever passed and sunken into their merited oblivion, eternity itself shall catch the glowing theme and dwell with increasing rapture on his name."

Varsity Verse.

THE TOILERS.

BETWEEN me and the sunset's ruby vast
The smoke-mists of a thousand factories rise,
Dimming, ere night shall come to hide in black,
The lingering beauty of the widowed skies.

The city huddles 'neath the shrouding veil;
Only the sheer church steeples rend the pall,
As though the turrets of God's earthly house
Would reach where tower the heavenly mansions all.

Ah, God, is heaven so overrun with light
Its splendor slips the jasper pavement through;
O earth, is life so bound about with dark
Its gloom must touch the gilded heavens too?

O Thou enthroned behind the flashing stars,
To endless length of days Thy glory be,
But to Thy footstool lead the toiling hearts
That through life's fog would, spire-like, win to Thee.

C. L. O'D.

JOHNNIE, YOU'RE MY JOY.

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

I went into the pantry once to get some bread and
jell,
The cook at once espied me, and in accents shrill
did yell:

"No, Johnnie, don't you bother me, you get no cake
or pie."

I up's and cries, and then grew bold and to the cook
says I:

"Oh, it's Johnnie this and Johnnie that, and Johnnie,
you bad boy."

But it's different when there's errands, then it's
Johnnie, you're my joy.

Oh, Johnnie, you're my joy, yes, Johnnie, you're my joy;
Oh, it's different when there's errands, then it's
Johnnie, you're my joy."

E. L. R.

DECEITFUL TIME.

That tide and time wait for no man
Is a proverb true, I ween.
Yet the old rogue waits for woman
When she 'gins to pass eighteen.

R. F. S.

THE WAY OF THE JUST.

Once I knew a funny kid,
His name was Willie Dohe Didd,
The nicest boy in all the school,
He never broke a single rule,
But oft before the opening hours
He brought his teacher lovely flowers;
And when the boys the ruler hid,
Who found it? Willie Dohe Didd.

J. F. S.

FADED.

'Tis noised about that pretty Miss Green,
The blue belle of Greytown,
Is false to her colors, by this I mean
She has married a Mr. Brown.

J. F. S.

"A Messenger of Love."

—
EVARISTO R. BATLLE, '06.
—

(Translated and arranged from the French.)

The doves were passing, flying thickly, silently betraying their approach only by the breeze of their brisk wings. They were going towards the South, towards the sun that they knew was still vigorous beyond those white mountains, and Genio looked at them pensively while his eyes were misty with tears.

He himself had come from those white mountains. It was scarcely fifteen days since he had left them to winter on the plain, and his face had the shade of great sadness, and his breast seemed void, as if his heart had remained there in the country of the snow and poverty.

This was the first time that Genio had left the mountains, and he was not yet sixteen. Last year his father had led the sheep to the valley of the Adour, but he had died in the spring, and Genio replaced him and departed for long months to the customary pastures....

In the rich country of the plain, where the pale flowers opened their leaves to offer to the dying sun the last caress of the earth, it was always the highest part that Genio preferred; to the more barren plateau he led the flock, for from there the mountains were visible, and the bold peaks standing against the horizon, like friendly spectres, had the appearance of saying things that he alone would understand, whispering in the cold wind which kissed his face: "Do you recognize us, little one? It is among us that you and your parents before you were born. Do you see Mont Orhy, so sharp, at the foot of which is your cabin, on whose slopes your father is resting in the long sleep? Do not weep. Go, Genio; you will come back to us in the spring, when the snow melts on the prairie, and all those who loved you will love you still.... Have courage, Genio."...

Now as the doves were passing, Genio followed them with homesick eyes. He did not know how to write and his thoughts had no wings—his poor thoughts which he

wished had fled every evening down there....

Some of these doves certainly would touch the slopes of Mont Orhy... If he could only fly with them, or simply attach to their wings his sad thoughts, the sweet birds in passing would let them fall like white feathers on the cabin, on the village, on the forest where so often he had cut wood, on the mill.... where the pretty Nizette had promised to think of him always and to keep herself all for him.

One morning while dreaming, his eyes fixed on a flock of doves flying in the distance, he heard a peasant coming: "What are you now looking at there little shepherd?" this man asked him,—“the doves, perhaps. You love them too. Tell me, have you not taken any this year? Truly none? They have been passing for more than twenty-four hours..... and now if you will give me a pair of woollen socks like those you are working in your hands, I will bring you some doves, two true living ones.... so you will have them. I caught a few dozens yesterday in a string. How does this suit you? You know they are worth 45 sous a pair at the market of Montfort, more than your socks, sure. So the bargain is concluded, and shake hands, little one. Tomorrow morning you will have here the beautiful doves....”

And indeed it was so; the next day Genio saw the peasant bringing him a pair of live doves, with dappled throat and coral feet in payment for the woollen socks.

Now, what will Genio do with these birds? Kill one of them, without doubt, and eat it, for it is good. A roasted dove, but the other.....?

Well, yes, the other he was going to keep alive and would allow to depart free for the white mountains. She would be his letter-bearer to the cabin, to the mill, to all the country so dear....

And perhaps God, in whom all the mountaineers have so strong a faith, would do a miracle for him as a reward for having saved the life of the dove; perhaps He would really direct the bird to the cabin, to the mountain, and make Nizette to think a little more of him: "There is a bird that Genio sends me," she would say, pink with pleasure, thought he; "here is a kiss from

Genio, that I feel falls for me from the tip of its wings...."

Oh, yes, surely the dove will pass in front of Nizette, and the miller's pretty daughter would divine that all the thoughts of her distant friend had reached her on the feathers of those brown wings....

Thoughtfully he brought the bird to his lips, closed his eyes and put the best of his kisses on the warm wings; then he lifted his hand and opening his fingers said sweetly to the dove: "Go! go! make her know how much I love her, poor bird, whose life I saved.... Go. The bird soared, fluttered and turned about for some seconds as if looking for the right way, then swift as an arrow she fled straight toward the white point of Mont Orhy....

But the report of a gun stopped the sweet message and Genio saw the dove fall down like a stone on the edge of the road....and the eyes of the mountaineer became dark with grief and anger:

"Who did that," he muttered, his jaws hard set....

Down there in the field a poacher advanced to gather up the tender bird. Genio saw him, and without reflection, stepped up to that man and planted a big knife between his shoulders....

The Jury of Mont Marsan making right the decision of the doctors concluded the the irresponsibility of Genio and confined him in an insane asylum.

But he knew well why he killed that man, and always sad in his padded cell he spends his days thinking of Nizette, of sweet Nizette, who doubtless has forgotten him and believes as the others do that he is insane—she too

THE man of intellectual culture knows many things, and yet little, or if you will, nothing. He possesses insight, and surveys, as a master, the whole field of learning. He judges securely in what is essential, but he is not a catalogue of facts and dates, nor is he acquainted with the innumerable details, with which the specialists, each in his own branch, are familiar. The village gossip of history and science he has not time for, nor is he able to fathom the mystery of life and being or to know what knowing is.

Ruskin, the Man.

GRATTAN T. STANFORD, '04.

In glancing through the pages of literary history one can not but feel that the task of portraying the lives of ordinary men is comparatively easy. There is nothing in their actions that can not be understood, and their inward thoughts and expressions admit of ready discernment. But how different when considering the life of a great man! For here, though his outward life may be laid bare by detailed facts, yet he holds within himself an inward life far above the level of his fellows. Yes, every outward incident may be narrated; but when these have been gathered and presented, how unsatisfactory the portrait? That which has distinguished him from ordinary men, that which has made him a great man is lacking. And when we seek to penetrate the obscurity, that our portrait may be complete, we are lost in a mist of genius that surrounds the man, and baffled by the very utterances of him we would wish to understand. Occasionally that mist of obscurity rises, and occasionally we hear and understand. From these few and unsatisfactory pigments we then are forced to complete our portrait. These reflections seem to remain with us when we attempt to portray the life of the most eloquent and original of all writers on art. The materials given us to discern that eloquence and originality are so few and inadequate that we feel that the finished portrait will lack much in its completeness.

John Ruskin was an English writer who puzzled many people who tried to understand him, because having become famous while a young man as a critic of art, he should concern himself, as he grew older, with the question how men and women should live so as to make the world in which they lived beautiful. He was born February 8, 1819, in London, and died January 20, 1900, in Conistone, England. He was the only son of John and Margaret Ruskin, who were natives of Scotland and who had lived at Edinburgh until a few years prior to their son's birth. The elder Ruskin was a pros-

perous wine merchant, and from his father the famous son inherited a large fortune. Of his father, Ruskin writes in *Praeterita*, his autobiography: "My father was a dark-eyed, brilliantly active and sensitive youth. He had learned Latin thoroughly, though with no large range of reading, under the noble traditions of Adams at the High School of Edinburgh; while by the then living and universal influence of Sir Walter Scott, every scene of his native city was exalted in his imagination by the purest poetry and the proudest history that ever hallowed or haunted the streets and rocks of a brightly inhabited capital." Of his mother he says: "I do not know for what reason or under what conditions my mother went to live with my Scottish grandfather and grandmother, first at Edinburgh and then at the house of Bower's Well, but certainly the change for her was into a higher sphere of society."

Ruskin's father was a man of classic education and deep culture, and it is from him the son inherited his most striking characteristic. But his mother, though perhaps less acquainted with the classics was no less refined than her husband. She was manifestly a woman of deep religious fervor and piety, for Ruskin himself says: "Her unquestioning evangelical faith in the literal truth of the Bible placed me, as soon as I could perceive or think, in the presence of an unseen world, and set my active analytic powers early to work on the questions of conscience, free will and responsibility, which are easily determined in days of innocence, but are approached too often with prejudice, and always with disadvantage, after men become stupified by the opinions or tainted by the sins of the outer world."

Ruskin began life very differently from most children. He dwelt with his parents, as it were, in a world apart, partly on account of the social remoteness that separated his family from their neighbors, and partly because the family found their highest enjoyment in the society of each other. Denied the pleasure of even the simplest toys, knowing not what it was to be in the company of children of his own age and surrounded by an environment more suited to a recluse than the fanciful whims of a child, the

young Ruskin's life became a routine of days as fixed as the sunrise and the sunset. The greater part of his acute perception and deep feeling of beauty, he says, was owing to the well-formed habit of narrowing himself to happiness within the four brick walls of his fifty by one hundred yards of garden. Thus humored and petted by a kind and passionately devoted mother, schooled by an ever-watchful and proud father, the life of the boy, who as a man was to become the most original, the greatest writer on art, passed fleetingly from year to year, gathering in all the sweets and beauties of life, as a bee flying from flower to flower draws out the honey from the bud.

Ruskin's education was begun almost as soon as he was able to talk. Every morning after breakfast he sat down with his mother to read the Bible, and in the evening his father read to him the best English authors, and "put him through Livy and the classics." When he was sixteen years old he had a sharp attack of pleurisy, and during the period he was convalescing he read much concerning art, and "feasted on copies of the great masters." Then it was that he planned his journey to Switzerland, the impressions of which perhaps determined him to be what he afterward became. It was in this journey of 1835, he tells us, in the early chapters of *Praeterita*, that he first met the enchanting Danecqu family, and it was their visit to his father's house which played such an important part in his young life. There were four girls in the family, the eldest being about the age of Ruskin. It was the first time he had ever met any one of his own age, and the influence they exerted on his life is most interestingly told in his own words: "Deeper than anyone ever dreamed, the sight of them in the Champs Elysee had sealed itself in me; for they were the first well-bred and well-dressed girls I had ever spoken to. I was thrown, bound hand and foot in my unaccomplished simplicity, into the fiery furnace or fiery cross of these four girls, who of course reduced me to a mere heap of white ashes in four days; but the *Mercredi des cendres* lasted four years." Ruskin was at a loss as to how to entertain his "Spanish-born, Paris-bred, and Catholic young friends; but overcoming his shyness,

he endeavored to interest them with his own views on the Spanish Armada, the battle of Waterloo and the doctrine of transubstantiation. He became violently in love with Adile, the eldest of the girls, and in his passion, addressed many sonnets to her. But she did not encourage his affection, and it was while trying to drown his sorrow in immortal verse, that he was rescued by his father and sent to Christ Church College.

The elder Ruskin had early recognized the genius of his son and in the blindness of a father's love had cherished many hopes for his future success. He had wished him to become a bishop and then rise to the highest dignity in the Anglican Church. It was with no little feeling of pride that he went up to Oxford with his son and entered him as a gentleman commoner. In 1842, Ruskin obtained his degree, and on this occasion, while taking a walk in the fields near the college, he asked himself this question: "Now what am I going to do?" He answered the question for himself by returning home with his parents and throwing his whole heart and soul into his first great work, "Modern Painters."

It is always interesting to know when a great man begins his life work. "Modern Painters" was, perhaps, Ruskin's life work. But we can not date the beginning of that work from the day the manuscript passed into the hands of the publishers. No; for the publication was but the culmination of years of thought, the germ of which was first conceived when a friend gave him a copy of Samuel Røger's poem, "Italy," illustrated by Turner, an English artist who was a friend of his father's.

His love of art was stimulated by what he saw and read in Turner's works, and though as a boy he was seemingly more engrossed with writing poetry, he was really feeding his passion for beauty, which in time ripened into "Modern Painters." In speaking of the second volume of "Modern Painters," Ruskin says: "I had two distinct instincts to be satisfied rather than ends in view, as I wrote, day by day, with higher kindled feeling, the second volume of 'Modern Painters': the first to explain to myself and then demonstrate to others the nature of that quality of beauty which I now saw to exist through all the happy

conditions of living organisms, and down to the minutest detail and finished material structure naturally produced; the second to explain and illustrate the power of two schools of art unknown to the British public, that of Angelico of Florence and Tintoret of Venice."

It is difficult to estimate in what degree Ruskin has succeeded in accomplishing his purpose or satisfying his intentions; for "Modern Painters" is usually read, as Ruskin himself says, for its pretty passages.

Ruskin was an ardent supporter of that distinct phase or school of art in England known as pre-Raphaelitism; the underlying principle of which he defined to be "to paint things as they probably did look and happen, not as of rules of art developed under Raphael they might be supposed gracefully, deliciously, or sublimely to have happened."

It was not the intention of this sketch to speak of any particular phase of Ruskin's life; but so much of the man is contained in his works that one can not but associate Ruskin with art, and Ruskin as a student and thinker, taking active part in his later life with the perplexing problem of life and the social condition that beset his time. Thus in Ruskin we find two separate and distinct characteristics. We know him as an eloquent and original writer on art and as an original though peculiar student of political economy.

When he took up his defense of Turner he found it necessary to go to the bottom and study the whole meaning of modern art. Likewise he could not satisfy himself with anything short of an examination of the whole structure of human society. One involved a subject ideal in its character; the other concerned a subject that dealt with realities and facts. The former he mastered; the latter he was unable to understand.

We have seen Ruskin the man under the influence that surrounds one who devotes himself to the study of the true and the beautiful in art. There remains the other field which occupied his later life—that of his political experiment.

Though still devoting himself to art, Ruskin found time to deliver numerous addresses in which he thought he saw the

cause of the social evil and the remedy for its reform. He began his study of the social conditions in Switzerland. But his Manchester lectures first revealed him a political economist. He formed a society called St. George's Company, started a farm, built a small town, and in various ways tried to show men how to reap beneficially the results of labor by obedience to certain great laws. He labored hard and gave amply of his means to inculcate into the people what he believed to be the only solution of the social question. But unfortunately he lived to see his theories rejected by those whom he had most sought to aid. It was his detestation of the world, as it actually was, that blinded him to the impracticability of his schemes. He hated the world with its wave of commercialism that seemed to be hemming in around him. He would destroy the railroads and the factories, and "keep the fields of England green and her cheeks red." He would live at peace away from the busy strife of city and town, secluded among the blossoms of flowers and the shade of hedges. Advocating such principles as these, in an age vibrating with the tread of commercialism, enables one easily to understand why Ruskin's experiment with political conditions was built upon a pleasant dream.

Ruskin was a naturalist and a great analyst, and as such he tried to reduce men and things ideal to the same conformity he saw in nature; for, to use his own words: "The very foundation of all my political economy was dug down through the thistle fields of Crossmount.

The secret of his failure is too apparent to need comment. Men he saw as trees, disguised in a verbiage but slightly different from those with which nature had clothed the forests, "and he mistook the great plantation of society for a field of thistles and a meadow or woodland where the uprooting was to be ruthless and the blending of light and color given full play in heaven's own atmosphere."

Eccentricity, it has been said, is often the mark of genius. To no one could the phrase be more aptly applied than to Ruskin. He felt—and there is little doubt but that the feeling was genuine—that it was his bounden duty to apply all his powers to the good of his fellowmen. Here is where his whimsical

character is perhaps the most perceptible; here he discarded all the lessons he had learned and so masterly taught. He had spent years of the deepest study in observing the laws and the beauties of nature. He had gone down to the very bottom of modern art when he wished to defend but one phase of it; but when he began to write, work and plan with men he made no study of humanity from which he wished the choicest fruit of his labor to spring. He had exhorted the world to take nothing for granted in nature, but to watch and observe how scientifically each thing fits itself to its proper place. Yet with the turning of the wind he railed and became angry because society would not adapt itself unhesitatingly and without question to his methods of reform.

"Ruskin's life and work stand as a beacon light of welcome and warning. His sincerity, his purity, his devotion to duty, his fine ideals and his noble contributions to literature and art will live in memory while English life endures; but his misconceived, clumsy, bigoted and conceited attempt to snatch the Maker's trowel out of His hand, and to shape bricks without straw and walls without cement or alignment, will serve as a warning to some wiser generation than the one that has witnessed the attempt, and are even now trying in puny ways to establish the earth on new and insecure foundations."

Ruskin failed to act harmoniously with his fellowmen because he dwelt in a world apart from stern realities. He was clear and easily understood when in that flow of rhythmical prose, he told us of some crystal and distant ideal, but obscure and hard to understand when dealing with scenes and events of every-day life.

We can not but regret that Ruskin ever felt it his duty to apply his great powers to something so utterly foreign to his nature; for it is as a writer on art and the beauties of nature we ever wish his name to be associated. He has perhaps failed to convince the world of the practicability of his theories concerning the stern realities of life. But he has given us words that are immortal in the field of art and presented us with noble ideas which we like to repeat over and over again. Let us remember him, not by what he failed to accomplish in the world of realities but what he mastered and has given us in his noble ideas concerning art and the beautiful.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the
University of Notre Dame.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, January 28, 1905.

Board of Editors.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04 JOHN M. QUINLAN, '04
STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '04 CHAS. L. O'DONNELL, '06
HENRY M. KEMPER, '05
JOHN F. SHEA, '06 EUGENE P. BURKE, '06
BERNARD S. FAHY, '05 WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07

—Are there too many Catholic colleges? This question has been once more revived by the recent brash editorial that appeared in the *Catholic Citizen* a few weeks ago. The editor claims that by force of circumstances our colleges can not find students enough, for the reason that there are too many such institutions competing with one another. The remedy he would apply is for one college to have concentrated in it all the forces and resources of the smaller ones and have exclusive right over certain territory, such as our State Universities at present. He complains that most of these institutions which call themselves colleges, while being in fact not of any higher grade than an academy or a high school, are thus sailing under false colors. They are "one-horse" schools with "no sort of a decent future."

This editorial was made the subject of a review in the last issue of the *New World*. The reviewer asserts that though there may be, and is, some truth in such statements, the article, on the whole, is unnecessary, inexpedient and unkind. Sympathy and not censure is what our Catholic schools need. They are the most poorly supported and the most harshly criticised educational institutions in the country.

Such instances of indiscreet utterance are not frequent among papers, still it is a lapse of which every religious organ should take account. Though the *Citizen* does not

openly praise the public school system, it is indirectly supporting them when it aims its uncharitable blow at the struggling Catholic college, while it puts aside the old adage that "Rome was not built in a day." Furthermore, it strengthens the position of those unthinking Catholics who ignore the benefits of a religious training and insist on sending their children to public schools. This practice has always been condemned by the Church as dangerous to faith and morals. To quote Dr. Brownson on the subject: "We do not say that, even if trained in Catholic schools, all will turn out to be good, practical Catholics, for the Church does not take away free will nor the desires of the flesh; but it is certain that they can not be made virtuous members of society in schools where priests are spoken of without reverence, Protestant nations lauded, Catholic nations sneered at as ignorant and enslaved, and where the very text-books of history and geography are made to protest against the religion of Rome."

It is a matter which Catholic papers would do well to consider in their editorials and throughout their whole publication.

—"The only Anglo-Saxon novelist of the first class remaining, since Meredith and Hardy have fallen silent, and Kipling and Barrie turned their attention to lighter subjects than those to which they owe their fame," is what a recent writer in the *Critic* has styled Mr. Henry James. This declaration is all the more worthy of attention in that Mr. James is at present in his native land, while his latest work "The Golden Bowl" has very recently been published. Once more we are confronted by the sort of question which not infrequently convulses one generation and is inevitably left to all posterity to decide. What constitutes a great novel, and who is the greatest Anglo-Saxon novelist of to-day?

A novel, as generally defined, is the fictitious narration of possible events in common life. But the great novel goes farther than this, inasmuch as it is the skilful and masterly portrayal of a great moral idea, a human struggle, a conflict of emotions. It is human ethical philosophy applied to human action.

To embody a great idea and to set it forth with sincerity, sympathy and nobility is the aim and end of the novelist candidate for immortality. He seizes upon the existent and vital cogencies of mortal man and carries his convictions into complete assertiveness. He plunges into the elemental and the actual issues of life, and strives to make us strong by showing us our weaknesses. The eternal experiences of mankind with their complex and almost inarticulate emotions are transmuted by the secret alchemy of the novelist's pen to the pure gold of real life. He may employ himself for months in the construction of an intricate plot, and this he may spend years in embroidering with specious subterfuge and gaudy frippery; but unless his dominant chord, the keynote of his composition, be taken from the changeless gamut of human emotion, he has failed in his purpose of infusing into his characters the Olympian ichor of eternal life.

According to this standard, then, we must judge the art of Henry James. It remains to be seen whether he treats man as he really is—a weeping, laughing mortal—and whether he has accomplished anything in his line which entitles him to be called the “only Anglo-Saxon novelist of the first class remaining.” That Meredith, Hardy, Barrie, Howells and Kipling are novelists of the first class has long been acknowledged. But is Henry James, the founder of the “transatlantic” school of fiction and the leader of “neo-realists,” to be set up along with these literary idols? Mr. James is undoubtedly without equal in subtlety and depth of plot. His moral treatment is broad and sincere. It is in the interpretation of the ever-present struggle of friendly and inimicable passions that the art of the novelist is shown. He creates the personalities, the characters, and the circumstances, and draws upon the reality of human experience for the working out of his problems. He presents a sacrifice, a supreme sacrifice, an immeasurable renunciation. In the construction of such an imaginative figment is where the strength of Henry James lies. He is an analytic artist, a creative genius, and a master of human emotion. He is the “only Anglo-Saxon novelist of the first class remaining.”

—The Russian government is now confronted by a problem of far greater moment than its complications in the Orient. Since the fall of Port Arthur the people have been clamoring for peace, but their cries have been of no avail. The outgrowth of the czar's refusal to recognize their wishes has been a strike, verging on a revolution. Turmoil and riotous demonstration pervade not only the capital but many other cities. The people, through an appeal addressed to the czar, made known their wrongs and sought redress. Furthermore, they demanded political rights, a constitution, a parliament, the abolition of the bureaucracy, and the immediate end of the war. They asserted that they had arrived at the extreme limits of their endurance, and, in the words of their petition, that they had “reached the terrible moment when death was to be preferred to the continuation of their intolerable sufferings.” The answer which they received is known on all sides. They marched, unarmed, to the Winter Palace to that “preferable death,” which but served to incite the more these menials of the imperious ruler.

The uprising of these workmen will, upon a little reflection, seem most reasonable and in accordance with all the results arising from similar conditions of a tyrannical rule. No cause for patriotism ever existed in the soul of the oppressed laborers of this misruled nation; hence their advancement, intellectually and morally, must necessarily be slow. The action of these revolutionists—for they are called such—should be a warning to all rulers disposed to govern their people and colonies tyrannically, for the seed of rebellion once sown can not easily be uprooted.

—It is a most common thing among young men just entering the various paths of life to omit the little details of their daily life with an occasional, “Oh, that will do!” or a “What's the use?” There is a great deal of use for doing everything just as it should be done. The thing may be trivial in itself, and possibly would never be noticed if left undone, but is sure to be noticed if done. This, however, is not what counts so much as that mastery of self one acquires by becoming a master of details. Business men are not looking for those who will follow

their orders in a slipshod fashion, but for those who will carry them out to the last letter. It is easy enough to get men who will take great pains with important affairs, this is only natural, as the matter itself lends interest and makes it much more easy; but it is a different story to get the one, who, without any assistance from the work itself, is going to do every little thing just as it should be done. He is the man that will finally win out; and the one who first allows pennies drop through his fingers will soon find dollars going the same way.

College Baseball Players.

A few years ago the enthusiasts used to wonder why so large a percentage of college baseball players failed to come up to the mark when tried out by the big league teams. Season after season scores of the crack college players were turned loose by the magnates, and usually after a very brief engagement. Was it because college players were not as good material as a corner-lot product? It is a well-known fact that with the aid of professional coaches, the college teams are drilled as thoroughly and scientifically as any in the country, and in this they have and always have had a decided advantage over their semi-professional rivals. The one department in which college teams are weak—lamentably so—is the batting department. But it was not this defect that barred them. The chief barrier against them was simply—they were college men.

Formerly the college player was practically ostracized by the leaguers, and this injured his chances considerably, as it meant the absence of that support and encouragement so necessary to a beginner. To-day, however, this prejudicial barrier has almost disappeared, and as a result the collegians are getting into the ranks. It was not through any surrender or concession on the part of the leaguers that this was brought about, but rather through the necessities of the game. The great national sport has made considerable progress the last few years, and the demand to-day is for quick-witted, brainy, intelligent players only. This demand has opened the

field to the college artist. Another fact not to be overlooked is the recent strong efforts made to eliminate all rowdyism from the game. This attempt thus far has been successful, but it can never be accomplished completely without the co-operation of the players. This leaves the field open only to clean, gentlemanly sportsmen, and this the college players usually are.

A glance over the list of players both in the National and American leagues will suffice to prove that college players are much in demand. It is generally near the top ranks one will find them. Some of the cleverest box artists of the leagues are collegians.

A few cases to prove this assertion: the famous "Christy" Mathewson of the New York Giants; Owen and White of the Chicago White Sox; Lundgren of the Chicago Nationals; Lynch of Pittsburg; Clarkson of the New York Highlanders; Gibson of the Champion Bostons. "Gibby" broke the losing streak of the champions in August, and after that did more than his share in helping the "Bean Eaters" in landing their second pennant. Clever catchers: Drill of Detroit, Powers of Philadelphia and others. The case of "Jake" Stahl of Illinois fame is an example of how a good man may not always receive proper trial. Stahl was first tried out by the Boston "Champs," but failed. Washington, the Tail Enders, took him up, and to-day he is a star. Moran, the clever short stop of the St. Louis Cardinals, is another college product. There are numerous other college players in both major and minor leagues, but lack of space will not permit us to enumerate them.

Thus, it can easily be seen that college players are forcing themselves into the big leagues, and the day is not far off when the majority of the players will be "college men."

E. L. R.

The Concert.

The second of the series of concerts for the term was given last Thursday in Washington Hall by the Columbians, an organization under the management of the Central Lyceum Bureau. These concerts are always a source of pleasure and profit, particularly at this dull period of the year. The attractions offered by this Bureau

are generally of a high class, and this is especially true of the Columbians. The organization as a whole is very good, but Mr. Atkinson and Miss Rhubottom are especially to be commended with, perhaps, the odds in Mr. Atkinson's favor.

He has a deep mellow baritone with a full resonant lower register, and sang with ease and delicacy of feeling. His solo, "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," was probably the hit of the performance. He responded to an encore with "Off to Philadelphia in the Morning," which proved very popular with the students. The "Toreador," which always requires volume and fire, came out strong, and showed Mr. Atkinson as a dramatic singer of considerable ability.

Miss Rhubottom is undoubtedly a skilful violinist. Her firmness of tone and sureness of treatment, in long and difficult "Faust Fantasie" stamped her as a finished player. The first encore, the "Ave Maria," from Cavalleria, though often played here before, has hardly ever received such exquisite and delicate shading. The lullaby, "Berceuse," was the best number, and showed rare technique and finish.

Mr. Lavin has a powerful tenor which he used to advantage in the "Ah, so Pure," which he sang in the original French of Martha. His voice control and expression were of a high order. His best number was "Oft in the Stilly Night." Miss Gove was an unusually good accompanist. Altogether the concert was of a high rank both in the matter of program and artists. These little classical treats cultivate the ear for the beautiful in music, and serve to counteract to a certain extent the baneful influences of "Rag." We wish the Columbians good luck, and will welcome them again to Notre Dame.

Athletic Notes.

The resignation of Byrne Daly from the management of our athletic teams caused genuine regret throughout the whole University. During the time in which he has acted as manager, Daly devoted his entire efforts to further the interests of Notre Dame; and when we glance back over his past record, we are forced to say—he has done well. The immediate cause of his

resignation was ill health which rendered the duties of the managership too arduous and made rest imperative. Mr. Daly steps down from his position with the best wishes of his fellow-students who sincerely hope that he may soon recover, and enjoy a well-earned rest.

*
*
*

Our new manager Henry McGlew needs no introduction to the students. His exploits on the gridiron are fresh in our memory, while his cheerful disposition has won him a host of friends. A better choice for the place could not be made, as McGlew has acted before in the capacity of assistant-manager, and, best of all, he is not afraid of hard work.

We take this opportunity of offering our congratulations and of assuring our new manager that in all his efforts to further the athletic interests of Notre Dame, the students will be behind him as a unit with their heartiest support.

*
*
*

The present track outlook is fair. A squad of twenty men are working out daily in the gym., and some are already showing improvement. However, it seems as if there should be more than twenty fellows in the University with some track ability in them. We can not hire a detective to find these fellows, so it is up to them to come out voluntarily. It is not yet too late to join the squad, and the larger the squad the brighter are our chances of developing a team. Don't keep putting it off! Come out to-day and do your share in making a team possible.

*
*
*

A committee, consisting of Messrs. Voigt, Bracken and Wadden, have been appointed in Sorin to solicit funds for the hall track team. Captain Quigley will soon have his men out, and hard, earnest work will be the byword from now on.

*
*
*

Of late there seems to be a lack of athletic spirit among the Carrollites. No efforts are being made to create a track team. So far the only members of the hall who have shown any activity are Connolly and Kelly, who are arranging for a dual meet to be held between themselves.

Manager McGlew will be kept busy for some time making out the baseball schedule and arranging meets for the track team. A new coach will soon be here to fill the place left vacant by Holland.

* *

The basket-ball season was opened last Wednesday evening with a game between Corby and Brownson. It was an excellent contest and those present were well satisfied. Brownson started in strong by tossing the first basket, and when the first half ended they still had the big end of the score. In the second half, however, Corby came back strong, and succeeded in wresting the lead from their opponents, holding it until the end of the game, which they won by a good margin. Herman and Pryor excelled for Corby, while Taylor and Jones did good work for Brownson. Following is the line-up:

Brownson		Corby
Jones-Scales	Q. B.	Herman
Quinn	R. G.	Holliday-Brennan
Hertzel-Donovan	C	C. Winter
Brown Coon	L. F.	Pryor-Winter
Taylor	R. F.	W. Winter
Time of halves—20 and 15 minutes. Referee, J. Wastias.		

* *

All candidates for the ball team should provide themselves with rubber-soled shoes. The ordinary heels tear up the ground and make clean fielding impossible. This request is imperative.

* *

It is planned by the management to hold an inter-hall meet in the gymnasium in the near future. The different halls are requested to take the matter in hand and show their spirit by electing captains and sending in a large entry list. The affair has already been taken up at Sorin where much enthusiasm was shown.

* *

Manager McGlew will have an office in the director's room at the gym. Any one desiring to see him may do so between the hours 3 and 4:30 p. m.

* *

Draper made an excellent showing in the 2d Regiment Meet at Chicago last Thursday evening. In the finals of the high hurdles he succeeded in getting 3d, and in the 40-yard dash he obtained 2d place, beating Hahn who captured 3d from scratch.

Book Review.

THE PREPOSITIONS IN APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

A philological dissertation. By Michael M. F. Oswald. C. S. C., Notre Dame. 1904.

If the Argonautica of Apollonius Rhodius could boast that it was "virgin soil" before Dr. Oswald's invasion it can no longer claim that distinction. The Doctor has harvested a rich yield. The purpose of the above-named dissertation was to show how closely Apollonius reproduced the Homeric usages of the prepositions. For a dissertation, the treatment given the subject by Dr. Oswald is very extensive, and it may be said that an instructive chapter has been added to the history of the Greek prepositions. Future writers on grammar will consult this book with pleasure and profit. The plan of the work is natural, the statements clear, the conclusions conclusive. The minutest details receive careful attention. Nothing worth noticing seems to have escaped a well-schooled mind. Tabulated notations of the frequency of prepositions discussed in each chapter, and a synoptic table of all the uses of prepositions in Apollonius are a welcome feature.

After the customary short preface and a rather interesting introduction, the first chapter of the real work disposes of the improper prepositions. The second chapter considers the prepositions used as adverbs. The third chapter takes up the prepositions in the so-called tmesis with the verb. This chapter is also prefaced by careful paragraphs on the "nature" and "purpose" of tmesis as well as the "position" of the preposition in tmesis. The fourth chapter discusses the question why prepositions in case-constructions are rarer in poetry than in prose. The fifth chapter treats the prepositions in case-constructions, and there are innumerable divisions and subdivisions. The sixth chapter is a sort of supplement to the fifth and deals with the prepositions in adverbial phrases, where the adverb assumes the nature of a substantive. A brief but enthusiastically written conclusion and a general index complete the book in 208 pages.

We may truly say that the examination of this dissertation "proved to be a source of constantly growing interest" to us.

Personals.

—It is with a deep sense of sorrow that we chronicle the death of Mr. Ben Sanford of St. Louis, a student in Carroll Hall during the early '90's. Mr. Sanford's death was most untimely; in perfect health he retired to his room at the usual hour only to be found dead in his bed the following morning. His body was buried from the Cathedral of St. Louis. To the bereaved family and friends the Faculty and students express their deepest sympathy.

—From a recent number of the Salt Lake *Herald* we learn of the activity of an old Notre Dame student, Mr. Frank J. Hagenbarth ('82-'85). Mr. Hagenbarth, as president of the National Live-Stock Association, lately presided over the annual convention of that body at Denver and read an address in which he strongly urged the plan to allow the railroads and packers to have a representative on the executive board of the association, a question which has of late been warmly debated among stockmen throughout the West.

—A little circular from the Church of Saint Mary, City Island, New York, clearly points out the splendid work that its pastor, Rev. John Bernard McGrath (A. B., '88) is doing in financial as well as spiritual affairs. The circular contains an itemized account of the receipts and expenditures of the past year, and is indeed very complimentary to Father McGrath, whose untiring efforts and constancy to duty has made a new rectory and various other improvements possible. The SCHOLASTIC wishes to extend to one of its former editors its best wishes for continued success.

Local Items.

—Only a shake hands!

—LOST—A Waterman's ideal fountain-pen. If the finder does not need it worse than the owner, he would be gratefully thanked for returning it to room 47, Sorin Hall.

—Those who have imagined that Sorin was a dead hall would have been rather disconcerted had they been present at the meeting held there last Thursday evening. This meeting, which, in enthusiasm, surpassed anything of its kind, was for the purpose of arousing the interest of the Sorinites in the coming Inter-Hall Track Meet and also to elect a captain. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Salmon, who acted as presiding officer. He stated the purpose of the meeting, and made a lengthy review of the conditions that have heretofore impeded the hall's success in this line. Several men

who have won a reputation on the track, were then called upon, among whom were Messrs. Silver and Bracken. All were enthusiastic over the prospects for Sorin, and laid much stress on the necessity of selecting a suitable man for captaincy.

Nominations were then proposed for Captain. The first name to be presented was that of Dan O'Connor; and the applause that his name evoked attested to his popularity. Dan, however, thought that his duties as leader of the nine demanded too much of his time to allow him to give proper attention to a track-team. Mr. Bracken was then nominated, and his name drew a storm of applause, equalled only by that for Mr. Voigt, whose name was the next to be placed before the house. The name of Mr. Quigley was next presented, and if the preceding applause was generous, that which greeted this candidate completely surpassed it. With characteristic modesty the new nominee endeavored to withdraw his name but his many friends would not hear of it, silencing his protests so that the nominations were closed, leaving the house to choose between Messrs. Bracken, Voigt, and Quigley for the captaincy. It was early surmised that the contest would lie between Voigt and Quigley, and the result of the balloting was awaited with eager interest. The utmost precautions were taken to preserve and guard against fraud.

While the ballots were being counted those present were feverishly impatient to know the outcome. When at length it was announced that Voigt had polled twenty-two votes the pent-up feeling gave way in deafening applause, for no one had any doubt but that the representative from Logansport was elected. Bob Bracken was next announced as having amassed eighteen, only four behind Voigt. Quig's friends were still hopeful, and their expectations were not unfounded; the announcement that he had received twenty-eight votes and with them the captaincy precipitated pandemonium.

Captain Quigley then made a very gracious speech of acceptance, and the sentiments that he so earnestly expressed found lodgment in the hearts of all and met with their approval and sincere pledge of fulfilment and co-operation. On the whole, the choice of the voters was a most popular and fitting one, for "Quig" in his few days amongst us has earned an enviable reputation for ability and executive talent, and with it a host of friends. The members of the hall should rally around him and profit by the energetic example he has set. If they do this it is not unreasonable to predict that their efforts will be crowned with the laurel wreath of successful victory.

—A great deal of enjoyment during these cold and stormy months is found in the gymnasium. If any one has lost such a thing let him call upon the director and he shall be amply replenished.

—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Let us hope this saying will hold good in regard to the recent repainting of the Corby Hall smoking room. It has been tinted a rich cream color, and is quite attractive—in its way.

—Corby Hall is being recarpeted. The residents of the second flat were quite surprised at finding a new mat in their hall. This is the first of a series of renovations which are to be carried on in Corby Hall during the ensuing months.

—The Rector of Sorin Hall has been instrumental in organizing a choir that will sing at the late Mass on Sundays: Messrs. W. D. Jamieson, A. J. Dwan, J. T. Quigley, and E. Kenney are the gentlemen who have thus far been admitted to membership. Men of such excellent vocal abilities should add spiritually to the services of the parish.

—The evening recreations have been most pleasant for the Sorinites. That they have been so is due in a large measure to the efforts of Mr. J. T. Quigley, an accomplished pianist and singer. The members of the hall are very appreciative of his efforts, for besides affording them an excellent entertainment he causes them to forget the icy blasts of winter.

—The Corby Hall basket-ball team was organized during the past week and has already played a practice game with Brownson Hall. The officers of the team are George Herman, captain, and Wm. G. Emerson, manager. There are about nine candidates trying for positions on the team. Most of last year's team are still in the Hall. Prospects are very good.

—The members of the gymnastic classes are requested to attend at the following hours:

Monday (St. Edward's Hall)—2:00-3 p. m.

" " 3:00-4 p. m.

Tuesday (Carroll Hall)—10:00-11:00 a. m.

" " 11:00-12:00 a. m.

Wednesday

Brownson, Sorin, Corby—4:30-5:30 p. m.

Friday (Carroll Hall)—10:00-11:00 a. m.

" " 11:00-12:00 a. m.

Saturday

Brownson, Sorin, Corby—4:30-5:30 p. m.

—The intense rivalry which exists among the corridor-musicians may lead to very serious complications. The inmates of the Graduates' Home are compelled to listen to the squeakings and squawkings of violins, guitars, mandolins, bugles and alarm clocks.

The clear, mellifluous sounds from the last mentioned instrument are the most acceptable. The operators of the other machines are more to be pitied than censured?

—We have but recently received by wireless telegraphy the following contribution from our distinguished cosmopolitan correspondent, A. Kommyn Dubbe—

"Folly for the Wise and Wisdom for the Foolish."

It is an ill wind that blows not tobacco smoke out through the window.

If you wish to get a thorough classical education do not neglect the romantic.

If thou wouldst learn wisdom, my son, start by being foolish.

Spare the jolly and spoil the unripe freshman.

He is the best rule breaker who has learned to let well enough alone."

—The first session of moot-court for the year 1905 opened last Saturday evening. The first case on the docket was a petition for a new trial by Attorney McGlew for his client, John Smith. The new trial was granted on the ground that the verdict of the jury in the former trial was not consistent with the law. After the court was dismissed the members of the Law Literary Society held a general debate on the proposition "That the whipping-post should be re-established as recommended by President Roosevelt." Colonel Hoynes expressed his approbation of the spirit that was put into the discussion by the members. The law students expect to spend more time on debating this year than formerly. The next debate, which will be held January 21, will be on the "Expansion Problem."

—The St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society held their regular meeting in the reading-room of St. Joe Hall last Wednesday evening. An excellent program had been prepared for the occasion. The meeting opened with a debate, the question being: "Resolved, That the policy of Imperialism is detrimental to this country." The argumentation on both sides was clever and forcible. Messrs. Parrish and Dempsey upheld the affirmative; the negative being ably expounded by Messrs. Collier and Robinson. The judges, James V. Cunningham, James Watkins and Richard Barry decided in favor of the affirmative. An oration by John W. Sheehan was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. J. P. Schmidt rendered a very fitting declamation, and Edward J. O'Flynn, with his usual skill and good grace, gave a most delightful impromptu speech. At 9:45 it was moved that the meeting adjourn, the motion being carried unanimously. Wednesday, February 1, has been decided upon as the night for the next meeting.